

Chapter 2

“HELP!”

I lurched forward, tripping over heaping piles of garbage, trying to reach the cry for help. “Help me, please!” The cry got louder as I continued through the rubble. “Hey! Where are you?” I stopped to listen for an answer. “I’m under a ouchy tree. Please help me!” I tried to tell if it was a girl or boy. “My body hurts and I fink my leg is bleeding. It hurts...alot.”

Girl, definitely a girl, I thought. I neared a big palm tree and saw a leg sticking out from underneath it. A little leg with a pink flip flop. *That flip flop looks familiar*, I thought. I reached the tree and peered over the trunk.

“May?” I didn’t know if I should’ve felt confused or over-joyed at the sight of her. I jumped over the palm tree and sat down next to her. “Are you OK?” I realized it was a stupid question as soon as it left my mouth. “Sort of but my leg hurts superbad! Please get the big tree off me.” I stuck my hands under the tree and tried to lift it off her, but my grip slipped and I stumbled backwards. I looked down at my hands, and seeing they were extremely muddy, wiped them on what was left of my pants. I tried again and managed to lift the tree just enough so she could scramble out from underneath it. I let go and the tree fell to the ground with a small *Thud!*

I turned to the little girl and she was busy brushing the dirt off her swimming shorts. When she finished, she looked up at me, smiled, and said, “Thank you so much but my leg hurts very much.” We looked down at her leg at the same time. She shrieked. I gasped. There was a huge, gash gushing with blood. I knelt down and took of my shirt to use it as a bandage, knowing that the local hospital was no more than scrap metal and bricks. “Do you want me to carry you?” I asked as I finished wrapping her leg. I looked at her only to see tears rolling down her red face. She slightly nodded, wiping away the tears and boogers. Her hands reached up to me but I had something different in mind. I turned around, grabbed her arms and swung her onto my back.

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Neither one of us said a word as we traveled through the land of mud and rubble. My feet hurt from stepping on sharp objects in the muck. “I fink I can walk, now.” May said, breaking through the silence. I nodded in agreement and slid her off of my aching back. She may be six but it gets tiring carrying her around Hawaii. She grabbed my hand and started to walk forward but I didn’t move. I heard something. A very faint noise. “Wait, I hear something, listen!” I strained to hear the noise. “Come on, let’s go follow it.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea.” “Why not?” “Cause what if it’s a bad person?” “Even if it is a bad person, it’s still nice to help.” “OK.” She replied with a defeated tone. “Hey, I promise you it won’t be a bad person.” At this I gave her a hug. Still giving her a hug, I picked her up and turned her upside-down. She immediately began to giggle a very contagious laugh. Then I started to tickle her tummy and she was hysterical. After what felt like five minutes of *The Tickle Monster* I put her down and headed towards the noise.

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My legs made a *shlunk!* noise every time they came up from the mud. Every step I took the noise became louder. I finally realized it was a cry. May became restless as we neared the cry. “I’m scared!”

“Don’t be, you’re fine.” “Is that person OK?” “Yes, I’m sure they’re OK.” “What happens if we can’t help them?” “We can help them.” “Are you sure?” “Positive.” “Will we be OK?” I nodded.

After a moment of silence she asked, “How did the big waves come?” I paused to think of an answer, “An earthquake underwater.” “What’s a earfcake?” “An earthquake, is when the ground shakes.” “Oh, where’s my mom and daddy?” “I don’t know but we’ll find them OK?” “Sure, is your mommy and daddy OK?” I stopped. I hadn’t even thought of my parents after the tsunami happened. They were in California so they obviously weren’t hurt in anyway. Right? *They must be worried sick about me*, I thought.

My thoughts vanished from my mind when May ran ahead yelling, “Over there! I see a hand moving! Come on! We *need* to hurry up!” She returned to my side and grabbed my hand. She unaffectedly tugged me towards the small hand. When we reached the hand, I noticed it was very small compared to my *and* Mays hands. I started shoving the debris off of the person. Mud, dirt, leaves, metal and something else I couldn’t recognize, covered the being. When the last of the pile was discarded somewhere to my left, that’s when I realized I was in trouble and I was going to need a lot of help. I had trouble looking after May, but now I had to take care of May and a baby boy.

Chapter 3

The screaming was relentless. He just wouldn’t stop. So, I decided to pick him up and try to sooth him. I thought of all the things to try to calm him down. *Singing? Crap can’t sing. Rocking? I’m as graceful as a one-legged chicken with no head. Tickling? I think not.* But as soon as I picked him up, he went silent. He looked up at me with big green eyes and grinned, showing his gums to the world. With nothing but a diaper on, I walked

around to find something to cover him from the hot, summer sun. To my luck, as I waddled around, I found a small red shirt and a hat with seven holes in it. I struggled greatly to put the clothes on. When I did he looked slightly happier. I walked back to where May was standing when it happened. The ground shook violently again. I took hold of May to keep both of us balanced but we fell into the mud anyways. I shot up taking May with me and squinted to see what caused the 'quake. My eyes popped out of my head. I turned around, frantically looked for a safe hiding place for the three of us. I didn't hesitate to leave the openness we were currently in. I ran as fast as my legs could take me and dragged May behind me. I held tight to the baby boy in fear of dropping him.

"What!? What is it? Why are we running?" May yelled. "We *NEED* to find a safe hiding place, *NOW!*" I replied. "But why?" I turned and saw that she was scared but eager to know why I was freaking out. "That!" I said, pointing at the enormous wave rolling towards us. May started to scream, "Why another of them? I'm scared!" Now tears dropped into the water. "Don't be scared we're going to be OK. We need to find a hiding place!" "But there's no fin!" And she was right. The only things other than debris were small trees scattered around the Island. So, I did what many others would do. I lost my mind.

I yanked May towards the thickest tree I could find (which was about as thick as a small magazine rolled up). I clutched to the baby tightly but not wanting to hurt him. I wrapped May into a slight hug and watched as the wave tumbled towards the tree.

As soon as the wave hit us I thought we were dead. The force of the second tsunami was tremendous. Debris came at us from every angle. Mud and salt water filled my open mouth. My grip on the tree started to slip and I panicked. I held on with all I had but eventually the current swept me away. I squeezed the baby and tried to avoid any debris in the water. I used my free hand to grab hold of a large tree ----*wait, my free hand, MAY!*

"May!" I screamed. "May!" I let out a soft sob. I frantically looked for her, hoping she was alright. "MAY!" Hot tears slide down my face, stinging my skin. "I'm sorry." My throat swelled and my heart throbbed. *I lost her...but I will find her.* Yeah. That's what I needed to do. I would find her, no matter how long it would take me. I would find her even if it killed me. *Crunch!* The tree suddenly stopped and I lost my grip and was carried off to God knows where.

Water. Muck. Mud. Breathe. I concentrated on keeping the baby's and my head out of the water. Breathe. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply through my nose. Opening my eyes I exhaled, noticing a floating platform ahead about fifteen feet away from where I

was. As I neared it I counted down. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. I thrust myself onto the platform making sure I didn't hurt the baby in doing so.

After I regained my breath I yelled, "May! Where are you!" "MAY, answer me!" "Please." My voice was drowned out by the sound of my cry. The baby started to whine again and I wiped my face, trying to erase the sadness. I looked at him and surprisingly managed a smile. He quieted after a moment or two. I looked up and prayed. *Lord, please help me find May. Let her be alright. Amen.* I opened my eyes and looked around silently asking for mercy.

"Hey," my thoughts were interrupted by a small voice, "Why'd you let go?" I spun around, almost falling off the metal, to find May clutching to the edge. "MAY!" I smiled and helped her up, still holding the baby. "What? Is there a bug on me?" "What? No. I thought you were gone." "Oh, I grabbed a really big tree and waited till I seed you then I came here." "How?" "I dunno...hey, you what?"

As I wrapped the baby in my arms and held tightly I turned to face May again, "What?" "I dunno your name." I realized I knew her name but she never knew mine, "Justin, my name is Justin." "Hmm, I don't like it. I'm gonna call you...pony." "Uh, no you're not." "Yes I am and you will like it, a lot." "Fine."

"So, what uh we gonna do now? We can't really do anyfin." looked up and knew she was right. We were drifting towards the sea and there was no one in sight. I looked behind me to look for anything that could help us in this desperate time of need. The only things I saw, was sticky mud water and rubble everywhere.

"Pony? Lookit!" Shrieked May. I spun my head, a little too quickly and injured my neck. I rubbed my neck, glanced to where we were drifting, and choked on a gasp. We were heading to our doom. The water, about twenty feet ahead, was rapid and wild. Then I got an idea. It was going to have to work. It might seem insane but it was the only thing that we could do. We had to jump.

Chapter 4

"...this disastrous tsunami has struck the entire island of Hawaii. Rescue workers have begun searching for survivors. The current survivors that have been identified are: James Scoffman, Patricia Klenny, Gordon Pelson, Thomas Gates, Nancy Newman, Jennifer Collins, and Pedro Martinez. Fifty-three more survivors have been found but not identified. Rescuers are looking..."

Abigail turned off the news and placed her tired eyes in her weak hands. She had been watching the news for hours, trying to find if her son was alive. His name hadn't been on any survivor lists that were being read aloud to TV reporters. Abigail stood and walked out of living room into the kitchen, where her husband Rick stood at the phone. Rick put the phone back on the jack and looked at Abigail.

"Nothing," he mumbled. He had been calling people since three o'clock in the morning. It was now ten. Both regretted leaving their son home alone, all the way in Hawaii, while they traveled to California. The first two days, they had arrived safe and sound, unpacked their belongings in their second house and relaxed before their big meetings, that were supposed to be today. Both had cancelled their meetings to find out if their son was OK. They desperately wanted to fly back to Hawaii, but all flights were cancelled, too. So, they were stuck in California.

"I can't believe this," began Abigail, "We leave him home for two days and a tsunami washes out the whole island! I mean, why? Why now? Why not when we got home, so we could've kept him safe? He's probably trapped in a dark hole with little air and no food. If he's dead, I don't know what I'm gonna do. It would ruin me. I mean--"

"Abs," Rick interrupted her, "he's gonna be fine. He's a tough kid, OK? He's probably saving people and kicking some tsunami butt. Not withering away in some hole."

"You're right. You're right!" Her voice cracked and a tear glided down her cheek. She pulled her sleeve over her hand and wiped the tear away. "Let's go watch the news some more...to see...ya know..." Her shaky voice trailed off as she aimlessly walked into the living room, with Rick guiding her way. He set her down on the couch and grabbed the silvery remote from the coffee table. Turning the TV on, he faced Abigail and gave her a small but reassuring hug. "He's gonna be OK." He added quietly. Then he turned back to the TV.

"...survivors have been identified. Some of the names include: Donald King, Melissa Champ, Ford Plights, Andrea Maryfield and Leah Vickers. These survivors are currently being held at a medical camp off the coast of Oahu Island. The number of survivors are rounded to six hundred. The amount of deceased, sad to say, is over two thousand..."

Rick quickly turned the TV off and looked at Abigail. "He's not deceased, I know for a fact he is not dead."

"No!" She shouted, "No, Rick, you don't know. OK?" She stood up and walked towards the kitchen, "You don't know..." Her voice trailed off as she wandered into the kitchen. She started to cry and her sobs echoed through the house.

Chapter 5

We jumped. I mean we actually jumped. I had to find safety before we plummeted to the bottom of the waterfall. I looked around and almost cried. A building, partially intact, was only a couple yards away. I clung to May and the baby and trudged through the muck. As I neared the building, I saw a body, holding on with all they had.

I plodded towards the girl when May yelled, "Amy!" Amy? I thought to myself, "Who's Amy?" I glanced at May then Amy. As we approached her, I realized she had blond hair and dark green eyes. She glanced our way with pleading eyes and her spirits brightened, "May? Is that really you?"

"No, it's Mrs. Potato head, of course it's me!" She yelled. She ran, sort of, ahead of me and stepped through an opening of the crumbly building. Amy started towards May and I sped up, still not knowing who Amy was. I stayed back as Amy and May hugged tightly.

I cleared my throat, "I'm sorry, but who are you?" "Um, her sister, who are you?" She asked, with slight disgust. I was about to speak when May jumped to my side, "My rescuer. So, don't give him any sass, Missy." "What'd you call me?" Amy asked, raising an eyebrow at May. "Ha, sorry...Amy." She dragged out the y in Amy and smirked. Then she turned and faced me, "What's your name again?" I sighed but answered anyways, "Justin..." "Oh yeah! Amy this is my rescuer and new best friend, Justin." She grinned at Amy who rose an eyebrow at me. I looked away, not because of her facial expression but because of her. She was awfully pretty. But in no shape or form did she and May look alike.

As I looked away, I noticed the water had become reasonably shallow, for me anyways. May was swimming in it and the water was up to Amy's neck. The water only reached my chest. "Um, pony, can you help me go to the stairs? I can't swim, it's too hard."

"Sure... and stop calling me that." "Never."

I rolled my eyes and picked her up, making sure not to drop the baby. As I brought May to the stairs, Amy watched my every move, probably deciding if I was trustworthy or not. I

safely brought May to the stairs and she sat down. She rested her head against the crumbling wall and soon fell asleep to the sound of the crashing waves.

I turned to Amy who immediately asked, “Who’s that?” She pointed to the baby. I looked down at him and realized he was sleeping. “I don’t know. We found him in the rubble and muck crying.” “Does he have a name?” “Like I said, I don’t know.” I started to get annoyed with her. “Well what have you been calling him?” She ignored my annoyance and rose an eyebrow. “Uh, the baby...” I trailed off. “Well that’s stupid, let’s give him a name.” I nodded as she walked over to me. The water was still gushing but had decreased since we found Amy. It was just below my chest.

When Amy came up to me I noticed she was incredibly shorter than me. She reached out her hands, “Can I see him?” “Sure.” I handed the baby off to her and she smiled. She played with him for a while before she said, “Toby.” “Huh?” “Lets call him Toby.” “Why that name?” “I’ve always loved that name. Plus, he kinda looks like a Toby. Look at him.” She smiled and showed me the baby. “Ok, we can call him Toby.” “Hey what are you guys talkin’ about?” I heard a small voice ask. “Toby.” I replied, forgetting she didn’t hear our conversation. “Who?” “Amy and I decided to call the baby Toby, so we don’t have to call him ‘the baby’ anymore.”

May looked at us funny, “That’s weird, like, gross weird.” “Why?” Amy asked before I could. “Because it is. Now, can I please get some help here. I still can’t swim real well in the yucky fast water.” “I got her,” Amy handed Toby to me and walked over to May. Struggling, she carried her back to where I was standing. “Now what do we do? We’re stuck in a broken building with no food and gross water!” May yells.